

less fear of the coward filled him. With a shaking hand he pointed his revolver at the figure of Belford, that his own guilty conscience so suddenly and so unreasonably had made menacing, and fired.

The bullet struck Belford just below the heart and pierced the left lung.

"I'm shot," Belford cried, and sank to the ground.

"I'm shot," he murmured again, when Sallin bent over him. "I'm shot; that fellow shot an innocent man."

"I'm shot," he moaned again, on the way to the hospital. "I'm done for; tell my folks in Cleveland I never—did—anything. Tell them—he—must—have—shot—the—wrong man."

Meanwhile Annenberg and the other trembling members of The Tribune's death party were intent only on escape.

They turned the auto north on Halsted street. Officers Roth and Weisbaum, standing near the corner, heard the shot that dropped Belford, saw the black automobile of death, and hurried over with drawn revolvers and ordered the chauffeur of the death car to stop.

Annenberg, his face twisted with panic, screamed something to them hysterically; the automobile went on; bystanders say Annenberg fired at the policemen.

Whether this is so or not, Roth and Weisbaum commandeered a passing auto, bearing a Jewish wedding party, turned out the wedding party and started after Annenberg's death car.

The Tribune chauffeur, urged on by the frantic, white-faced Annenberg, turned on speed. Weisbaum leaned out of his car and fired two shots over the heads of those in the death car. Annenberg's only answer was an increased burst of speed.

The big touring car soon left the commandeered auto of the police far behind, dwindling to two red lights far ahead, and then to nothing at all.

Roth and Weisbaum, in their borrowed car, went as far north as Washington street and then gave up the chase.

Before leaving Maxwell street, however, they had heard that the death car was an Examiner machine, a natural suspicion roused in the minds of the Maxwell street people by past performances of Examiner autos and the occupants thereof. The detectives went to The Examiner barns, were foiled there, and returned to their station.

About 3:30 o'clock Sunday morning, Annenberg, accompanied by no less a person than Edward S. Beck, managing editor of The Tribune, walked calmly into the Maxwell street police station.

At the time there were approximately thirty-five witnesses to the shooting in the police station.

Abraham Reintzler, 1345 Johnson street, one of the witnesses, was positive in his declaration that Annenberg was the man who shot Belford.

Reintzler appeared at the police station white and shivering. He plainly feared that he would be slugged by some Tribune man for what testimony he gave against Annenberg.

"I was standing near the corner," he said. "I saw the big automobile go by. I saw the gun in Annenberg's hand. The crowd got a little in front of me. I saw the flash of a revolver from the seat where Annenberg was. Then Belford fell—I know it was Annenberg who held the revolver in his hand. I've known Annenberg for years."

Louis Sallin, chum of the man so ruthlessly shot down, jumped to his feet when Annenberg and Beck entered the police station.

"That's the man who did the shooting," he said, pointing to Annenberg.

To the surprise of the witnesses to the shooting, Annenberg was not arrested when he entered the police station, although this is the usual